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INDIANA MONITOR.

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY HAY & CHILDS, SALEM INDIANA.

VOLUME 3.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1837.

NUMBER 26.

TERMS.

Two dollars and fifty cents in advance, for 52 numbers.
Three dollars at the end of the year.
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, only at the option of the publishers.
Country produce will be taken for subscriptions upon special agreement.
Advertisements inserted at one dollar for twelve lines or less, and 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. A liberal reduction made for advertising by the year.
Figure Work, double charge.
Letters to the Publishers MUST be Paid.

SELECTED POETRY.

COMFORT.

I'd like to have a little farm,
And I have such scenes as these,
Where I could live without a care,
Completely at my ease.
I'd like to have a pleasant house
Upon my little farm,
Airy and cool in summer time—
In winter close and warm.
I'd like to have a little wife,
I reckon I know who;
I'd like to have a little son—
A little daughter too;
And when they climb upon my knee
I'd like a little toy
To give my pretty little girl—
Another to my boy.
I'd like to have a little chaise,
That we might take a ride,
I'd like a little pony for
My boy to ride beside.
I'd like to have a little cash,
And owe no little debts;
There's nothing in the world so much
An easy temper frets.

I should not like a wife to shake
A broom stick at my head—
For then I might begin to think
She did not love me Ned;
But I should like to see
Her gentle as a dove;
I should not like to have her scold:
That be all joy and love.

If I had these I would not ask
For any thing beside,
I'd be content thus smoothly through,
The tedious world to glide.
My little wife and I would then
No earthly trouble see—
Surrounded by our little ones,
How happy would we be.

DEFINITION OF LOVE.

(Translated from Metastasio.)

You ask a reason for that flame,
Dear girl, within my breast;
Which always burns and still's the same,
Will not allow me rest.

But love no season bears—
All dictates 'tis above;
When once calm reason's voice it hears,
That instant 'tis not Love!

MISCELLANEOUS.

ELDER GEORGE, AND THE YOUNG PREACHER.

An aged traveller, worn and weary, was gently urging on his tired beast, just as the sun was dropping behind the range of hills that bounds the horizon of that rich and picturesque country, in the vicinity of Springfield, Ohio. It was a sultry August evening, and he had journeyed a distance of thirty-five miles since morning, his pulses throbbing under the influence of a burning sun. At Fairfield he had been hospitably entertained, by one who had recognized the veteran soldier of the cross, and who had ministered to him for his master's sake, of the benefits himself had received, from the hand who feeds the young lions when they lack; and he had travelled on, refreshed in spirit. But many a weary mile had he travelled over since then, and now, as the evening shades darkened around, he felt the burden of age and toil heavily upon him, and he desired the pleasant rest he had pictured to himself when the day's pilgrimage should be accomplished.

It was not long before the old man checked his tired animal at the door of the anxious-looking haven of rest. A middle-aged woman was at hand, to whom he mildly applied for accommodation for himself and horse.

"I don't know," said she coldly, after scrutinizing for some time, the appearance of the traveller which was not the most promising. "But we can take you in, old man. You seem tired, however, and I'll see if the minister of the circuit, who is here to-night will let you lodge with him."

The young circuit preacher soon made his appearance, and consequently swaggering

to the old man; examined him for some moments inquisitively; then asked a few impertinent questions—and finally, after adjusting his hair half a dozen times, feeling his smooth-shaven chin, consented that the stranger should share his bed for the night, and turning upon his heel entered the house.

The traveller, aged and weary as he was, dismounted, and led his faithful animal to the stable, where, with his own hands, he rubbed him down, watered him, and gave him food, and then entered the inhospitable mansion where he had expected so much kindness. A Methodist family resided in the house, and as the circuit preacher was to be there that day great preparations were made to entertain him, and a number of the Methodist young ladies of the neighborhood had been invited so that quite a party met the eyes of the stranger, as he entered, not one of whom took the slightest notice of him, and he wearily sought a vacant chair in the corner, out of direct observation, but where he could note all that was going on. And his anxious eye showed that he was no careless observer of what was transpiring around him.

The young minister played his part with all the vivacity and foolishness of a city beau, and nothing like religion escaped his lips. Now he was chattering and bandying senseless compliments with this young lady, and now engaged in trifling repartee with another, who was anxious to seem interesting in his eyes.

The stranger, after an hour, during which no refreshments had been prepared for him, asked to be shown to his room, to which he retired unnoticed—grieved and shocked at the conduct of the family and the minister. Taking from his saddlebags a well worn Bible, he seated himself in a chair, and was soon buried in thoughts, holy and elevating, and had good to eat which those who passed him by in pity and scorn, dreamed not of. Hour after hour passed away, and no one came to invite the old, worn down traveller, to partake of the luxurious supper which was served below.

Towards eleven o'clock the minister came up stairs, and without pause or prayer hastily drew off his clothes and got into the very middle of a small bed, which was to be the resting place of the old man as well as himself. After a while the aged stranger rose up, and after partially disrobing himself, knelt down, and remained many minutes in fervent prayer. The earnest breathing out of his soul soon arrested the attention of the young preacher, who began to feel some few reproofs of conscience for his own neglect of his duty. The old man now rose from his knees, and after slowly undressing himself got into bed, or rather on the edge of the bed for the young preacher had taken possession of the centre, and would not, voluntarily, move an inch. In this uncomfortable position, the stranger lay for some time in silence. At length the young preacher made a remark to which the old man replied in a style and manner that arrested his attention. On this he moved over an inch or two and made more room.

"How far have you come to-day, old gentleman?"

"Thirty-five miles."

"From where?"

"From Springfield."

"Ah, indeed! You must be tired after so long a journey, for one of your age?"

"Yes, this poor old body is much worn down by long and constant travelling, and I feel that the journey of to-day has exhausted me much."

The young minister moved over a little. "You do not belong to Springfield then?"

"No, I have no abiding place."

"How?"

"I have no continuing city. My home is beyond this vale of tears."

Another move of the minister.

"How far have you travelled on your present journey?"

"From Philadelphia! (in evident surprise.) The Methodist general conference was in session a short time since. Had it broken up when you left?"

"It adjourned the day before I started."

"Ah, indeed,"—moving still farther over, towards the front side of the bed, and allowing the stranger to occupy a larger space. "Had Bishop George left when you came out?"

"Yes—he started at the same time I did—we left in company."

"Indeed?"

Here the circuit preacher relinquished a full half of the bed, and politely requested the stranger to occupy a larger space.

"How did the Bishop look. He is getting quite old now, and feeble is he not?"

"He carries his age tolerably well, but his labor is a hard one, and he begins to show signs of failing strength."

"He is expected this way in a week or two. How glad I shall be to shake hands with the old veteran of the cross! But you say you left in company with the good old man—how far did you come together?"

"We traveled alone for a long distance."

"You traveled alone with the Bishop?"

"Yes! we have been intimate for years!"

"You intimate with Bishop George?"

"Yes, why not?"

"Bless me! Why did I not know that?—But may I be so bold as to inquire your name?"

After a moment's hesitation, the stranger replied—

"George."

"George! George. Not Bishop George?"

"They call me Bishop George," meekly replied the old man.

"Why—why—bless me! Bishop George," exclaimed the now abashed preacher, springing from the bed—"you have had no supper! I will instantly call up the family. Why did you not tell us who you were?"

"Stop—stop, my friend," said the Bishop gravely. "I want no supper here, and should not eat any if it were get me. If an old man, toil worn and weary, fainting with traveling through all the long summer day, was not considered worthy of a meal by this family, who profess to have set up the altar of God in their house, Bishop George surely is not. He is, at best, but a man, and has no claims beyond common community."

A night of severe mortification, the young minister had never experienced. The Bishop kindly admonished him, and warned him of the great necessity there was of his adorning the doctrines of Christ, by following him sincerely and humbly. Gently but earnestly he endeavored to win him back from his wanderings of heart and direct him to trust more in God and less in his own strength.

In the morning the bishop prayed with him long and fervently, before he left the chamber; and was glad to see him so melted into contrition. Soon after the Bishop descended, and was met by the heads of the family with a thousand sincere apologies. He mildly silenced them, and asked to have his horse brought out. The horse was accordingly soon in readiness, and the Bishop, taking up his saddlebags, was preparing to depart.

"But surely, Bishop," urged the distressed matron, "you will not thus leave us? Wait a few minutes—breakfast is on the table."

"No, sister!—I cannot take breakfast here. You did not consider a poor, toil worn traveller, worthy of a meal, and your Bishop has no claim but such as humanity grants."

And thus he departed, leaving the family and minister in confusion and sorrow. He did not act thus from resentment, for such an emotion did not raise in his heart, but he desired to teach them a lesson such as they would not easily forget.

Six months from this time the Ohio annual Conference met at Cincinnati, and the young minister was to present himself for ordination as a deacon, and Bishop George was to be presiding Bishop.

On the first day of the assembling of the conference, our minister's heart sunk within him as he saw the venerable Bishop take his seat. So great was his grief and agitation that he was soon obliged to leave the room. That evening as the Bishop was seated alone in his chamber, the Rev. Mr. — was announced, and he requested him to be shown up. He grasped the young man by the hand with a cordiality which he did not expect, for he had made careful enquiries, and found that since they had met before great change had been wrought in him. He was now as humble and pious as he was before worldly minded. As a father would have received a disobedient but repentant child, so did this good man receive his erring but contrite brother. They mingled their tears together, while the young preacher wept as a child upon the bosom of his spiritual father. At that session he was ordained, and he is now one of the most pious and useful ministers in the Ohio Conference.—*Balt. Athenaeum*, A.

TAKE A NEWSPAPER.

Every individual, and especially he who has a family, ought to take a newspaper. No one who has the least pride as a citizen, should be uninformed of what is going on in the world beyond his own immediate circle, if he would keep pace with the intelligence of the day. He needs to be reminded occasionally of his duties as a member of the community, as much so, we contend as of his other duties. He cheerfully pays his minister for preaching to him; attends church regularly once a week, and hears the duties which he owes to his Maker, his neighbor, and himself, pointed out and enforced. But there are other duties—political duties; which he owes to society at large, and his country. He is under a solemn pledge to do everything in his power for the transmission to posterity of the rich inheritance of freedom which he has received from his fathers. A respecter of the laws! himself a holder of property, which is made secure by those laws; an inhabit-

ant of a well ordered and peaceful community, of which they are the very life and soul, how shall he answer to himself to his children, if he remiss, or neglect to inform himself or them of his duties as a member of a body politic; if he does not read the oracles of the times nor give his children an opportunity to read them—if he remains ignorant of the movements in the political world, which have as important a bearing upon his social life, and upon his moral condition—for without a government of laws, what is morality? It runs riot, and exists in name only. The obligations which we all owe to society being thus undeniably imperative, why should not a man be willing to pay a trifle yearly to him who once or twice a week reminds him of his duties as a citizen or a social being, as well as to him who from the pulpit points out his duties as a moral being? He should!—he cannot justify himself, with any show of plausibility, unless he proves by his example as well as precept, that he in truth considers his moral and political duties as correlative. If he takes his newspaper once or twice a week, reads it, and has read it in the domestic circle—if he attends church as often and enjoins upon his family to do so; from a conviction of a deep responsibility resting upon him; if he be not remiss in those points, he gives to the world all the outward evidence he can give, that he is an upright, faithful and intelligent member of society, that knowing his duties he means to perform them, that he is a doer as well as a hearer of the law.

Therefore good Mr. Savepenny, who stayeth away from the church that thou mayest feast upon thy neighbors borrowed paper, be wise in season, for there in consists one half of the true philosophy of life. Reform thyself incontinently—take that useless and inactive bank note for thy wallet; its edginess torn and the cashier's name cashied, and if thou hast any regard for thy standing, divide it between the printer and the parson. If thou failest in this take heed lest thou fail, for be assured that thou failest in much. So once more good Mr. Savepenny we say "TAKE A PAPER."—*Nat. Eagle*.

JUSTICE TO PRINTERS.

The Washington Native American, in noticing the discussion which lately took place in congress on the subject of public printer, makes use—very justly too—of the following remarks in relation to the press generally: "Pickens of South Carolina, was violent against the corruptions of the press was the only rotten thing in Denmark, and as if types were the sure channels of roguery. Really upon it, gentlemen declaimers, that there are other corrupt politicians than editors, & you but display your ingratitude when you abuse the rope by which you climbed to comparative eminence, withdraw their names from the celebrity of print, and where are they. Echo says, 'aye.'"

THE BLUE DEVILS.—We are apt to believe a merry companion the happiest fellow in the world, and envy him, perhaps his light heart and airy spirits; but such men have hours of melancholy, when the spirits sink, and a gloom comes over them, deeper and darker than is ever known to their less excitable companions. A man may be cheerful on paper, though he has a heavy heart; & is brilliant in company, though sufficiently wretched when left to commune with his own soul. The extremes of high & low spirits, which occur in the same person at different times are happily illustrated by the following case by Dr. Rush: "a physician in one of the cities in Italy was once consulted by a gentleman who was much distressed by a paroxysm of the intermitting state of hypochondriacism. He advised the melancholy man to seek relief in convivial company and recommended him in particular to find out a celebrated wit by the name of Cardini, who kept

all the tables of the city, to which he was invited, in a roar of laughter, and to spend as much time with him as possible. "Alas! sir," said the patient with a sigh, "I am that Cardini." *Med. Chir. Rev.*

BREEDING.—Cooper gives us two excellent rules:

"Choose those animals or vegetables to propagate from, that possess the qualities you wish to propagate, in the greatest perfection. Volumes may be written to illustrate and confirm this advice, he adds, but nothing can be added to it substantially.

"Never quit one good breed, till you can pick out from a better. By following this plain method for a few generations, always seeking for those parents who have the points you want, in the greatest perfection, you will certainly improve your stock, whether of racers, cart-horses, cows, corn or strawberries."

OFFICE OF THE DAILY FOCUS,
Philadelphia, Oct 27—1 o'clock A.M.
THE MURACY!—FURTHER NEWS.

QUITE AN EXCITEMENT.

Our community have been on tip-toe of expectation this few days past. Yesterday afternoon, at 4 o'clock, the minds and expectations of the citizens were greatly excited by the report that an examination of two persons, resorted to be concerned, was to take place at the Mayor's office. The room was accordingly crowded with anxious citizens at an early hour, and from what followed, it appeared the report was not without foundation.

The District attorney, John M. Bead, Esq., opened the matter by stating that information was received of a sufficiently strong & positive kind, to warrant the arrest of two individuals then in the office, viz: Capt. Blankman and son, who had accordingly been arrested. He proceeded to state that sufficient evidence had been elicited to know that Capt. Blankman had fitted out, or been connected with the fitting out, of the port of Philadelphia, about three weeks since, a vessel of suspicious character, and that he was known to have been seen with a man of extremely suspicious character, named Mitchell, a sailor, and but lately an inmate of the Eastern penitentiary, who was supposed to be in the vessel called the Commodore Perry, while Blankman remained here behind. He remarked that, with reference to the Susquehanna, her owners were men whose scruples did not allow them to keep arms on board their ship, and that upon the whole, the circumstances were sufficiently strong to warrant the arrest of these individuals. Capt. Blankman is a man of strong muscular build and Herculean frame, and had for his counsel D. F. Brown and several other of our most distinguished lawyers.

After the District attorney sat down, Mr. Brown arose, and stated that it was not his intention to make a speech; that his time had not yet come; but he demanded, he said, upon what charge was Mr. Blankman and son there; and upon whose? with what crime were indicted? He said that, under the influence of the present state of excited feeling in the community, he would say nothing of the fact that Mr. Blankman was there without having been arrested upon a warrant—a privilege guaranteed by the constitution to the meanest citizen—he did not question the motives of the Mayor, nor stop now to notice the fact of the matter, but he wanted him to tell him, and to tell him explicitly, upon what ground was a citizen arrested, and what was the specific charge or charges against him.

The Mayor in reply said that he had knowledge of the sailing of this ship, and that Capt. Blankman was concerned therein previous to its sailing; and as it was certainly a suspicious affair, when taken into connection with the recent capture of the Susquehanna, he, more as a citizen than an officer, ordered the arrest of the captain under these circumstances.

The first witness examined was Mr. Augustus Davis, who stated in effect that Blankman Mitchell, and a man named Hoffmaster were speaking to him frequently about procuring a ship for the purpose of proceeding to Galveston bay, but he knew nothing about the sailing of the Perry.

The conversation between him and the persons referred to took place in July last. In regard to a question put by Mr. Davis, whether any proposition had been made to him about going, Mr. Brown arose, and objected to the course pursued by the Commonwealth. According to the testimony of Davis, Captain Mitchell, the individual supposed to be in command of the piratical vessel, was in this city a few weeks since, and was very bad off. Mr. Hoffmaster was induced to lend him some